

Rich. Euen so, and please your Worshipp *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speake no Treason man; We say the King
Is wise and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well strooke in yeares, faire, and not ialous.
We say, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paising pleasing tongue:
And that the *Queenes* Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How say you sir? can you deny all this?

Bra. With this (my Lord) my selfe haue nought to doo.

Rich. Naught to do with *Mistis Shore*?
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were best to do it secretly alone.

Bra. What one, my Lord?

Rich. Her Husband *Knatie*, wouldst thou betray me?

Bra. I do beseech your Grace

To pardon me, and withall forbear

Your Conference with the Noble Duke.

Cl. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.

Rich. We are the *Queenes* abiects, and must obey.

Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,

And whatsoe're you will imploy me in,

Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Sister,

I will performe it to infranchise you.

Meane time, this deepe disgrace in Brotherhood,

Touche me deeper then you can imagine.

Cl. I know it pleaseth neither of vs well.

Rich. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,

I will deliver you, or else lye for you:

Meane time, haue patience.

Cl. I must perforce: Farewell.

Exit Cl.

Rich. Go treade the path that thou shalt ne're return:

Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee so,

That I will shortly send thy Soule to Heaven,

If Heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:

Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,

How hath your Lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (Noble Lord) as prisoners must:

But I shall liue (my Lord) to giue them thanks

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall *Clarence* too,

For they that were your Enemies, are his,

And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you,

Hast. More pittie, that the Eagles should be mew'd,

Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.

Rich. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:

The King is sickly, weake, and melancholly,

And his Physitians feare him mightily.

Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.

O he hath kept an euill Diet long,

And ouer-much consum'd his Royall Person:

'Tis very greuous to be thought vpon.

Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.

Exit Hastings.

He cannot liue I hope, and must not dye,

Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse vp to Heaven.

He in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to busle in.
For then, He marry *Warwicks* yongest daughter,
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readiest way to make the *Wench* amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horse to Market:
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then must I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

*Enter the Coarse of Henrie the sixt with Halberds to guard it,
Lady Anne being the Mourner.*

Anne. Set downe, set downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be shrowded in a Herse;
Whil'st I a-while obsequiously lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaster.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Athes of the House of Lancaster;
Thou bloodlesse Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghost,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd Sonne,
Stab'd by the selfesame hand that made these wounds.
Loe, in these windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse Balme of my poore eyes.
O cursed be the hand that made these holes:
Cursed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Cursed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wish to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigious, and vntimely brought to light,
Whole vgly and vnnaturall Aspect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappinesse.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertsey with your holy Lode,
Taken from *Paules*, to be interred there.
And still as you are weary of this waight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloster.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarse, & set it downe.
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To stop deuoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines set downe the Coarse, or by S. Paul,
He make a Coarse of him that disobeyes.

Gen. My Lord stand backe, and let the Coffin passe.

Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,

Stand'st thou when I commaund:

Advance thy Halbert higher then my brest,

Or by S. Paul Ile strike thee to my Foote,

And spurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldnesse.

Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?

Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,

And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.

Auant thou dreadfull minister of Hell;

Thou had'st but power ouer his Mortall body,

His Soule thou canst not haue: Therefore be gone.

Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not so curst.

An. Foule Diuell,

For Gods sake hence, and trouble vs not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy Hell:

Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deepe exclames:

If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,

Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.

O! Gentlemen, see, see dead *Henries* wounds,

Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afresh.

Blush, blush, thou lump of fowle Deformitie:

For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood

From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.

Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,

Prouokes this Deluge most vnnaturall.

O God! which this Blood mad'st, reuenge his death:

O Earth! which this Blood drink'st, reuenge his death:

Either Hea'v'n with Lightning strike the murth'rer dead:

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,

As thou dost swallow vp this good Kings blood,

Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.

Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,

Which renders good for bad, Blessings for Curses.

An. Villaine, thou know'st nor law of God nor Man,

No Beast so fierce, but knowes some touch of pittie.

Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beast.

An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!

Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are so angry:

Vouchsafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)

Of these supposed Crimes, to giue me leaue

By circumstance, but to acquit my selfe.

An. Vouchsafe (defus'd infection of man)

Of these knowne euils, but to giue me leaue

By circumstance, to curse thy cursed Selfe.

Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue

Some patient leysure to excuse my selfe.

An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,

Thou canst make no excuse currant,

But to hang thy selfe.

Rich. By such dispaire, I should accuse my selfe.

An. And by dispairing shalt thou stand excus'd,

For doing worthy Vengeance on thy selfe,

That did'st vnworthy slaughter vpon others.

Rich. Say that I slew them not.

An. Then say they were not slaine:

But dead they are, and diuellish slau by thee.

Rich. I did not kill your Husband,

An. Why then he is aliue.

Rich. Nay, he is dead, and slaine by *Edwards* hands.

An. In thy foule throat thou Ly'st,

Queene *Margaret* saw

Thy murd'rous Faulchion smoaking in his blood:

The which, thou once did'st bend against her brest,

But that thy Brothers beate aside the point.

Rich. I was prouoked by her stand'rous tongue,

That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltlesse Shoulders.

An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,

That neuer dream'd on ought but Butcheries:

Did'st thou not kill this King?

Rich. I graunt ye.

An. Do'st grant me Hedge-hogge,

Then God graunt me too

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deede;

O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.

Rich. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.

An. He is in heaven, where thou shalt neuer come.

Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to send him thi-

ther:

For he was fitter for that place then earth.

An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.

Rich. Yes one place else, if you will heare me name it.

An. Some dungeon.

Rich. Your Bed-chamber.

An. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou lye'st.

Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.

An. I hope so.

Rich. I know so. But gentle Lady *Anne*,

To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,

And fall something into a slower method.

Is not the caufer of the timelesse deaths

Of these *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,

As blamefull as the Executioner.

An. Thou was't the cause, and most accurst effect.

Rich. Your beauty was the cause of that effect:

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleepe,

To vndertake the death of all the world,

So I might liue one houre in your sweet bosome.

An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,

These Nails should rent that beauty from my Cheekes.

Rich. These eyes could not endure y beauties wrack,

You should not blemish it, if I stood by;

As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,

So I by that: It is my day, my life.

An. Blacke night ore-shade thy day, & death thy life.

Rich. Curse not thy selfe faire Creature,

Thou art both.

An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.

Rich. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,

To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.

An. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,

To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.

Rich. He that bereft the Lady of thy Husband,

Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.

An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.

Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.

An. Name him.

Rich. *Plantagenet*.

An. Why that was he.

Rich. The selfesame name, but one of better Nature.

An. Where is he?

Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*

Why dost thou spit at me.

An. Would it were mortall poyson, for thy sake:

Rich. Neuer came poyson from so sweet a place.

An. Neuer hung poyson on a fowler Toade.

Out of my sight, thou dost infect mine eyes.

Rich. Thine eyes (sweet Lady) haue infected mine.

An. Would they were Basillisks, to strike thee dead.

Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:

For now they kill me with a liuing death.

Rich. Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt Teares;

For